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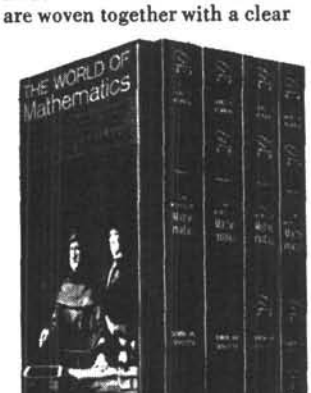

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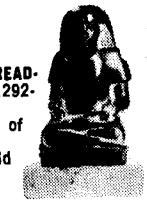

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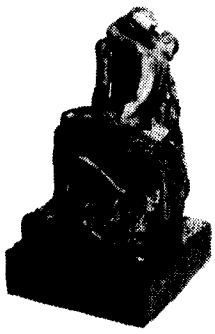

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T.R.B. *from Washington*

The Many Johnsons

★ America needed heroes and Gemini provided a couple of nice ones. LBJ gave them appropriate "y'all" ceremonies in Texas. Unfortunately a nation, like astronauts, must make a re-entry again after an escapist flight. Vietnam is still there.

There is more concern in Congress over foreign affairs than appears on the surface. Senators aren't dopes and know the war is escalating. What should they do? They see a President who, most of them believe, really wants peace. But he is unfamiliar with foreign affairs. In domestic affairs you reason, cajole, twist arms and ultimately there is a solution. But many foreign problems have no solutions. The President likes McNamara because he is a sharp, decisive man who thinks there are immediate answers, too.

There's nothing to do now, most legislators agree, but wait for the arbitrament of the monsoon war. Every bit of evidence available here agrees that Hanoi-Peking won't start negotiations now; they confidently expect to win; repeated feelers are rejected. Meanwhile a latent crisis of confidence grows in Europe over US leadership. At home knowledgeable Senators complain that they are being briefed to death but not consulted; they find Mr. Johnson driving himself too hard, and driving everyone around him too hard, too. So they will keep silent, most of them, until a bloody jungle test on the other side of the world gives some kind of answer.

There are really two Johnsons; no, dozens. The one who impresses TRB most made the March 15 civil rights speech to Congress and last week's speech at Howard University. This latter seemed to come from the heart. He had no immediate political gain from the time or place. He said very gravely that "in the battle for true equality" the Negro is losing ground. Civil rights are one thing, but infant mortality of non-whites in 1940 was 70 percent greater than white; now it is 90 percent. He gave half a dozen grim comparisons like this (the rate of unemployment of whites and Negroes 35 years back was about the same; "today the Negro rate is twice as high").

The isolation of Negro from white communities is growing, not diminishing, he said, as Negroes crowd into central cities. Equality, real equality, is not growing as it should, he said – Why is this? Mr. Johnson said quite simply that "we are not completely sure why this is." Then he went into a field that is rarely mentioned: "Perhaps most important . . . is the breakdown of the Negro family structure."

Without spelling it out, he referred to 300 shameful years in which slaves were bred like cattle. The father relationship meant little. And today, he said, "only a minority – less than half – of all Negro children reach the age of 18 having lived all their lives with both parents. At this moment, today, little less than two-thirds are living with both parents."

The President understands and is shocked by these things, as any decent man must be. His speech is well worth reading. Speaking of the effects of bigotry he said, "I have seen this uncomprehending pain in the eyes of young Mexican-American school children."

The Rifle Lobby

★ Who subsidizes the gun lobby in this country? Why to be sure, you and I do. Back at the turn of the century the military thought an armed citizenry essential in case of invasion by a foreign power. Obviously the armed citizenry had to know how to shoot. So in 1903 the Civilian Marksmanship Training Program was set up. It is in full operation today and has a kind of antiquarian charm, like San Francisco's cable cars. Custodian of this patriotic program is the National Rifle Association. It has a lavish headquarters and one of the most aggressive lobbies in our nation's capital.

Many people know, in a vague sort of way, that the government gives ammunition to the NRA and sells it surplus guns at cost. Stuck away in a corner somewhere the Army has a "National Board for the Promotion of Rifle Practice." The purpose, presumably, is to shoot Russians as they invade our shores. (Evidently news of nuclear bombs has missed them.) Some of the free arms go to the crackpot Minutemen. When police raided a Harlem club the other day they found a big cache of free government arms.

What most people don't know, though, is the operation of the real gravy train that you and I provide for the NRA. To get the gun subsidy there have to be marksmanship clubs. The Association, not the Army, passes on these clubs. Total membership at present is 413,000 and the NRA gets $5 for each member. That is a nice little kitty of $2 million annually to go to the tax-exempt NRA to help it "educate" Congressmen against passing federal laws to curb murder weapons.

Uncovered China

★ The *NY Times* is running a fascinating eyewitness series on Red China, written by Mark Gayn, copyright by *The Toronto Daily Star*. It's funny to see the proud *Times* buying China coverage from a Canadian paper. Felix Greene, British newsman, in an indignant book, *A Curtain of Ignorance* (Doubleday) tells how it happened.

In 1956 China offered 60-day unrestricted visas to 18 US correspondents. John Foster Dulles wouldn't have it. Pressure mounted. A year later Dulles set his own terms: it must be 24 US reporters, not 18, and no Chinese correspondents would be allowed to visit us. This had the apparently desired result of causing the Chinese to withdraw their offer indignantly. However, China said US citizens could enter as "visitors." The State Department forbade travel. And so, in 1960, Peking announced that it was dropping its four-year effort at reconciliation. Technically it is possible to say that it's the Chinese who won't let US correspondents in now. But that isn't the real reason why the *Times* must use Canadian coverage.

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The Sooner, the Better

If the ally in Asia you have been advising and arming looks like collapsing, do you take over his war? For months, this question has lain in wait for the United States in Vietnam. Now it has to be answered. If the answer is Yes, Americans will fight a ground war that earlier, when the French fought it, produced 75,800 dead or missing Frenchmen, and 65,100 wounded –and ended in French defeat and withdrawal. If the answer is Yes, the victims will include thousands more Vietnamese whose principal desire is to survive and whose interest in political slogans is marginal. Win or lose, the Viet Cong guerrillas will enhance their claim to be patriotic Asians fighting white imperialists for whom this or that Saigon government serves as cover. The Administration repeatedly says that it wants a negotiated settlement. At the same time it speaks and acts as if to prove that the US is the toughest kid on the block. The February decision to bomb North Vietnam was taken ostensibly to interdict military supply lines – Barry Goldwater's suggestion – but actually as a booster to sagging South Vietnamese morale. The effects of the booster shot quickly wore off. Four months later, the bombing had been extended to industrial targets. There are Soviet bombers and sites for Soviet missiles in the North. The infiltration of soldiers and arms into the South really has become serious and will become more so. The Viet Cong announcement last week that American escalation of the fighting gives the Viet Cong the right to call for "volunteers from the armies of North Vietnam and friendly countries" suggests as much. Russian help to North Vietnam will probably increase, notwithstanding President Johnson's soft answers in his Chicago speech and elsewhere to mounting Soviet criticism of the American military engagement in Asia. The government in Saigon has had another fit of political convulsions. The South Vietnamese army has suffered heavy losses in the first of the "rainy season" clashes and is showing ominous cracks in spite of ruthless executions of deserters, photographs of which have horrified the world.

Washington's latest declaration is that if South Vietnamese units request it, American troops will, for the first time officially, enter the jungle fighting. There are at present about 16,000 of our combat soldiers in Vietnam. The total, however, is 50,000, compared with 15,000 in March and 14,000 when President Johnson took office. There is talk of sending 100,000 or 300,000 Americans – and these figures assume that the enemy continues to be the 40,000 so-called hard-core guerrillas and their 100,000 militarily active sympathizers,

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not the Russians, not the 400,000-strong North Vietnamese army, not the 2.5 million-strong Chinese army. Even granted this perhaps too optimistic assumption, what about the Administration's famed 10:1 ratio, regarded as essential for success against guerrillas? If the South Vietnamese military forces crack and the US takes over more and more of the fighting, it will take, according to the ratio rule, about 1.5 million Americans five to 10 years to "win" a war that will stay "won" only so long as the Americans stay.

Can this nightmare be avoided? The Administration first thought its thump-pause-thump bombing might scare the North Vietnamese to a conference table. It didn't work. Then it thought that continuing the bombing while making a brisk show of preparation at Da Nang and elsewhere to funnel many more American troops into the South would furnish the Russians leverage to renew the Soviet proposal (abandoned by them under indirect Chinese pressure) for an international conference "on Cambodia," at which Vietnam could be discussed. But the Russians, though they do not want the war to escalate, desire even less to risk burning themselves by pulling American chestnuts from this fire.

Mr. Johnson will countenance "unconditional discussions" only with other governments, thus helping

"Now we play game called Escalation."

reinforce the ties that bind the guerrillas to Hanoi. The probabilities are that the Viet Cong have such high hopes of military successes that they are not yet prepared to talk anyway. Folly is not an American monopoly. Hanoi, with the Viet Cong presumably echoing, says the Americans must leave the country, but must first recognize the National Liberation Front (the Viet Cong in civvies) as the only true and legitimate government of South Vietnam. The Administration retorts that it will withdraw its forces when South Vietnam is able without external interference to "determine its own future, including the right to work out its relations to the North by peaceful means."

This is not at all a bad riposte; the Administration just hasn't done enough with it. These 18 words could be worked up into a formula for peace. They amount for all practical purposes to a neutralized South and do not preclude an eventually unified Vietnam. It is as much as the Viet Cong can reasonably hope to get, whether by negotiating or by fighting. They may think that if they win most of the battles this summer, the Americans will go away. No doubt they would like this to happen; it is what their propaganda calls for. But it will not happen; the war will go on. Washington's line should be that the Viet Cong aren't likely to win that many battles, and that the US is ready to include the National Liberation Front in peace talks, preferably before any more large-scale battles are fought.

It is nonsense to object that such a public US overture is impossible because it would undermine Saigon's morale. Since February, the US has tried to improve Saigon's morale by escalating the war, and things have got worse. Moreover, our overriding concern cannot be the morale of whoever at the moment speaks for Saigon; it must be to end the war and to get on with whatever constructive development in Southeast Asia then become possible. The US should try to get through to the Viet Cong, in a determined way. They may not respond immediately. But the door should be pushed open and kept open, and for more than the five days that were allowed for the "pause" in the bombing of the North. Sooner or later, an open door will evoke a response, among the Viet Cong or in Hanoi or Moscow. The Administration's mistake hitherto has been to point to a door marked "unconditional discussion," which has also been marked, "no admittance for the Viet Cong," thus inhibiting a response from any quarter. To take down that inhibiting sign calls for political courage by President Johnson – almost as much as was displayed by General de Gaulle when he proposed entering into peace talks with the Algerians. But the alternatives now seem reduced to two: American withdrawal without parley as demanded by Peking and Hanoi, or the commitment to South Vietnam of several US fighting divisions which will bear the brunt of five or 10 more years of jungle war.

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US, Soviet Space Probes

The exciting voyage of astronauts McDivitt and White in their Gemini 4 spacecraft was taken as evidence that the US is pulling abreast of the Soviet Union in a space race. In fact, the US took the lead much earlier. Scarcely more than two years after Sputnik 1, the US launched the world's first weather satellite, Tiros 1, a feat which the Russians have not yet matched. The Telstar communication satellite, placed in orbit July 10, 1962, and making possible live intercontinental TV, did not have a Soviet counterpart until last April 23. US military reconnaissance satellites, which demolished the much-feared "missile gap" when first orbited in 1961, were not duplicated by the Soviets until almost two years later; and so far as is known, the Russians do not have the equivalent of the US Transit navigation satellite, which enables ships and submarines to pinpoint their position on and beneath the ocean.

In the field of scientific exploration, a tiny US satellite discovered the radiation belts surrounding the earth. An American spacecraft first sent back meager information about the planet Venus; and another is likely to do the same for Mars. (The Soviet Mars probe malfunctioned.) The US was first to transmit back close-up photos of the lunar surface, although as of this writing a Soviet spacecraft headed for the moon may be the first to make a soft landing.

Only in the field of manned space spectaculars has America lagged, and this is because a more efficient technology enabled the US to build smaller thermonuclear warheads which did not require such large rocket boosters for ICBM's. However, as a result of President Kennedy's decision to proceed with the Apollo lunar landing program, and the Pentagon's nearly concurrent decision to develop a large Titan 3 booster for military spacecraft, the time is at hand when the US can orbit payloads far larger than anything yet demonstrated anywhere. This is important for manned space spectaculars because of the considerable amount of oxygen and other "life support" equipment required to protect and sustain man in space.

Whether the space race which the Russians unwittingly sparked when they launched Sputnik 1 is worth the more than $5 billion annually which the US is investing, and the lesser amount which the Soviet Union appears to be spending, is a question which may require a decade or more to answer wisely. History may record that the most significant payoff of space exploration was in the drawing together of nations on earth. The Samos military reconnaissance satellites and their Soviet counterparts have already led to a tacit understanding that Americans and Russians will permit each other to examine military facilities from an altitude of approximately 100 miles, although each would bitterly oppose similar reconnaissance by aircraft at an altitude of 15 miles.

Nearly 50 nations of the world are planning to share in the use of Comsat Corporation's global space communication system. Latest US Tiros weather satellites are equipped so that any nation, including the USSR, willing to invest in a modest-priced ground station can obtain its own meteorological information directly from the spacecraft, free of charge.

In the field of manned space spectaculars, the USSR's tight secrecy (which bars the press of even Warsaw Pact countries from the launch site) may begin to loosen somewhat. Recently the Soviets released photographs of their newest manned spacecraft, the Voskhod, six months after it was first used, where formerly a year or more elapsed before public showing. Space is without boundaries or ideologies. Why not a joint US-Soviet maiden voyage to the moon?

End of Term Decisions

The Supreme Court has had a relatively quiet term, which it ended rather spectacularly last week by declaring Connecticut's anti-birth control statute unconstitutional, and reversing a broad conviction obtained against Billy Sol Estes in a Texas state court, because the trial had been covered by TV. Both decisions appear more far-reaching than they are.

The Connecticut statute forbade the *use* of birth control devices, and punished both users and those who advised or abetted them. A majority of seven struck it down because as applied to married couples, which in the case before the court it had been, it worked an intolerable, barbaric intrusion into the privacy of the conjugal bed. Mr. Justice Black, the Court's great literalist, at whose bidding the words of the Bill of Rights and of the Fourteenth Amendment have in the past meant many an admirable thing, disagreed and was unable to see how the due process laws, or any others, could be read to protect this measure of pri-

SUMMER SCHEDULE

During the summer months,
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vacy; he accused the majority of judicial legislation.

The majority, of course, was legislating no more than it had in *Brown v Board of Education*, and a good deal less than it did in the reapportionment case. It held only that a statute directed at the *use* of contraceptives could not stand in a state that does not prohibit manufacture or effectively forbid sales; and a state that did not trouble to treat married couples at all differently from frolicking teen-agers. All kinds of regulation of the production, distribution and even use of contraceptives remains possible.

In the Billy Sol Estes case, the Court acted by a bare majority of five. Mr. Justice Harlan, who had the casting vote, made clear that the decision means only that the extraordinary (as opposed to the routine) use of courtroom TV in a much-publicized case was forbidden. Other uses of TV remain to be passed on as occasions may offer. The circumstances of the Estes case were such that a fair trial was plainly going to be difficult to achieve, and in such circumstances, at a time when courtroom use of TV is far from a routine event, allowing the cameras to enter increased the already too serious risk of prejudice past the acceptable point.

Committee in Contempt

The House Un-American Activities Committee's vaudeville in Chicago is proof again, though none has been needed for years, that the proper remedy for its excesses is its abolition. There were some small hopes in the most sanguine observers that HUAC had modified its ways, that the chairman, Rep. Edwin E. Willis of Louisiana was not a certified inquisitor, and that the addition of the moderate Georgian, Rep. Charles Weltner, would make the committee more reasonable.

But in Chicago, HUAC was down to its old tricks. It exposed witnesses for the sake of exposure. It took hearsay testimony from a paid FBI informer that a Chicago heart specialist was a member of the Communist Party. The informer had never met the physician, and had heard his name mentioned once, six years ago. Attorneys for the physician were not allowed to cross-examine the informer. Another witness repeatedly, and entirely justifiedly used her Fifth Amendment rights, while the HUAC counsel badgered her with such questions as, "It is the information of the Committee that you were advised . . . that you were one of the persons chosen to give up your identity and move to other areas in case Communist leaders were put away." The witness had not been mentioned by anyone, informer or otherwise, that she could confront or question. Three witnesses, including the physician, face contempt charges.

The Chicago *Daily News* was fed up: "The three-day visit to Chicago of the House Un-American Activities Committee was a disgrace from start to finish and from hearing room to picket line [there were disturbances outside the hearings]. . . . A committee which uses its power to present only one side of a story makes its motives suspect. Certainly the methods used here need to be examined by the courts. . . . Opposition arises from anti-Communists fearful that this committee is riding roughshod over the basic civil rights of the people called before it."

Test Bans

Under prodding by congressional committees, the federal government is tightening its regulations over the use of psychological tests. The Civil Service Commission, which regulates personnel practices for about 90 percent of the federal work force, now has flatly banned the obnoxious personality inventory-type psychological tests in determining whether a person will be hired, fired or promoted. And John W. Macy, Jr., chairman of the Commission, told Congressman Cornelius E. Gallagher (D, N.J.), who has been investigating testing procedures, that he would study the use of tests by agencies outside the Civil Service net. Presumably this means Intelligence.

The Peace Corps promises to eliminate some of the more bizarre questions from the Minnesota Multiphasic Personality Inventory, a test it employs to screen applicants. In the future, directions on the tests will state plainly that no applicant is to be penalized if he refuses to answer questions he feels to be an invasion of privacy. The Labor Department, which last year used psychological tests to select trainees for its youth opportunity job counseling program, has dropped them and instead instituted less snoopy information questionnaires. The State Department, criticized for the slack way it shuttled employees on and off psychiatrists' couches, sometime ago adopted tighter guidelines. The young lady, whose rough treatment by a consulting psychiatrist was described in these pages (NR, March 13, 1965) has been rehired.

In this connection it is interesting to note that the Educational Testing Service seems to have abandoned the traditional IQ test as an indicator of intellectual potentiality. Henry Chauncey, president of the ETS said, "It has become recognized by most that the so-called intelligence tests never did measure some innate thing called 'intelligence' that could be summed up in one number called an IQ. . . . Actually, the use of the term intelligence tests has declined rapidly, as it became clear that what we are testing is developed ability or aptitude which results from the development of whatever innate ability an individual has.

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Congress Has Its Own Closed Shop

While a number of Congressmen complain about secrecy in the executive branch of government, there are some indications that Congress itself may be helping to keep the public in the dark by holding an increasing number of closed hearings on controversial subjects. A survey by *Congressional Quarterly* shows that during the first quarter of 1965 more than one-third of all the hearings were closed. Doubtless, many meetings are innocuous; others, however, must have been fascinating, as the following examples indicate:

► In the middle of May, the President said he would seek a cut in excise taxes. Among other things, he wanted gradually to reduce the 10 percent levy on automobiles to seven percent this year and five percent in 1967. Before making this announcement, Mr. Johnson had lunch with Wilbur Mills, chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee, the committee which would have to clear the President's proposals. Mr. Mills subsequently announced that in the interests of speed, the committee hearings would be closed to press and public. Within three days of Mr. Johnson's announced intention of reducing excise taxes, the committee reported out a bill that will do away with auto excise taxes altogether by 1969. (The President would have kept the tax at five percent.) This was a great victory for the auto makers, since they will gain $250 on each car made. They, of course, promise to pass this tax break along to consumers in the form of reduced prices. But nobody knows whether they really will reduce prices or by how much.

► In April, the Senate Commerce Committee held one day of open hearings to consider confirmation of Carl E. Bagge, a Republican attorney from Illinois, whom the President had nominated to the Federal Power Commission. The Americans for Democratic Action recited various information which alleged that Bagge was active in efforts to stop construction of an interracial housing project in the well-to-do Deerfield suburb of Chicago. When Senator Magnuson, chairman of the committee, brought up these charges, Bagge denied them.

The ADA persisted; its view was strengthened by photographs and statements sent the committee by Arthur Shay, a reporter-photographer who covered the events. At the urging of Senator Hart, Magnuson held a closed hearing of the committee where Shay and Bagge confronted one another. Bagge backed off, admitted he did attend rallies held to protest the housing, but claimed whatever remarks he had made were misconstrued and that he had meant them in an ironic vein. Without further discussion, the Senate Commerce Committee voted Bagge's approval, and he since has been confirmed by the Senate.

Staff members of the Commerce Committee cannot remember Magnuson ever before having called a closed session. The decision to do so may well have been to protect Bagge's character. However, had it been held in public, the resulting pressure against confirmation might have proved a distinct embarrassment both to the President and to Senator Dirksen, who recommended Bagge.

► Although there is widening discontent throughout the nation over the Administration's policies in Asia and Latin America, the powerful Senate Foreign Relations Committee has not held open hearings on either subject. One might suppose that this committee could serve to focus public debate, and perhaps even contribute something useful to the President's policy-making. It prefers to exist on a diet of secret briefings, letting the main debate rage around its head.

Henry Reuss, a Democratic Representative from Wisconsin, is one of the few Congressmen who has questioned the abuse of closed hearings. "Of course, it is proper that hearings where matters of security, or matters tending to degrade an individual are discussed, be held behind closed doors," he has said. "But executive sessions are used – unjustifiably – in a great many other cases. . . . In both chambers, the process of amending and preparing legislation for the floor and voting on it – the so-called 'mark up' is likewise traditionally held in secret."

The House Appropriations Committee holds closed meetings to expedite business and in the words of a staff employee to relieve its members of any sensation they are "performing in front of an audience."

Clyde T. Ellis, general manager of the National Rural Electric Cooperatives assailed this policy in a speech before the American Bar Association last year. "Each year the Congress reviews REA operations during the appropriations process," he said. "This year 22 top executives of the commercial power companies appeared at hearings to demand further stringent restrictions on the REA Administrator's loan-making authority. As it has done in the past, the House committee report contained much of what the power companies wanted. . . . While these reports do not have the force of law, few administrators of federal programs are going to disregard the mandates written by Appropriations Committees. Many times the committee language has the effect of amending acts of Congress, without hearings before the proper substantive committees and without congressional debate and vote. This is backdoor legislation which flouts both democratic procedure and the rules of Congress."

JAMES RIDGEWAY

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Ahmed ben Bella

Would-Be Leader Of the "Third World"

Algiers

On June 29 begins what Ahmed ben Bella sees as the most important week in his life – the "Second Bandung Conference," in Algiers, on the tenth anniversary of the original. The conference is nothing less than Bella's bid for the leadership of what he calls the Third World – every country not committed to Washington, Moscow or Peking, plus several smaller countries committed to the latter two (Cuba, Indonesia, North Vietnam).

He is conducting his campaign for this powerful, non-officeholding role on several fronts. His sudden appearance in the "Palestine" issue – he is prepared to lead the Arab case at the UN this fall, if the General Assembly meets – and his persecution of students who followed Tunisia's lead in not completely fasting during Ramadan, reflect his need for a more Arab image in the Arab world. But he feels more in common with what he thinks is the Black African view, and with revolutionary Asia.

Some are tempted to see his global gambits as merely a device to boost his stature in Algeria; but his very contradictions and intransigence seem proof of the image which most Western diplomats in Algiers have of him – a man of great, blind and possibly dangerous sincerity. He stands in relation to the socialist revolution as Billy Graham does to Christianity: he is dedicated but self-asserting, aggressive in humility, a man of crowd emotions and what the French call *logorrhea*. His charisma rating is high: he alone, at the Addis Ababa African "summit" in 1963 drew spontaneous cheers – and surely only Bella could do this, in such a place, by paraphrasing Shakespeare. "We must all be prepared to die a little for [the nationalist movements of Southern Africa]," he shouted – and there were real tears in the eyes of Julius Nyerere, who is still the world's largest importer of South African canned fish.

Bella's friendliness, at once crude and sensitive, is that of a labor boss, not a man used to the subtle corridors of power. When he is angry or excited – or just interested – he tends to rant. For him, politics is not compromise, but choices between black and white. But if there is an aristocracy among peasant extremists, it is in its ranks that he somehow belongs.

His extremism is at least consistent. In 1963, he told Alexis Azhubei, Khrushchev's journalist son-in-law, that East-West *détente* must not be an excuse for an anti-colonial go-slow. No other African leader has proclaimed with such frankness that the Cold War is the sinews of African diplomacy. Although a test-ban signatory, he welcomed the Chinese bomb. This dichotomy reflects his faith in the fertility of conflict. The most aided countries in the world, Bella knows, are the much wooed and potentially fickle. You get nothing for being peaceful and pro-Western like Sierra Leone.

Bella's doctrinaire aversion to compromise is illustrated well by his Congo policy. Long after Morocco and Burundi have deserted the "rebel" cause and Ghana's ambassador is making his peace with Moise Tshombe, Bella remains unrepentant. It was from his Boufarik airstrip that five Russian aircraft flew – twice a week, at one point – to Juba, with arms for the Congo (most of which went to the Sudanese Negro secessionists and the Sudanese Communist Party). Meanwhile, at Boghari, Bella trains resistance fighters from Portuguese Africa, Rhodesia, the Comoros, South Africa.

The late Frantz Fanon, the West Indian psychiatrist-philosopher-martyr whose printed works are the conscience of the Algerian revolution, saw violence not just as an obligation imposed by repressive French brutality but as a medicine for the decolonization of the spirit. Bella similarly believes in the ideal of Caliban detraumatized. In conversation, he argues in effect that Britain consciously betrayed Nigeria by slipping it independence on easy terms that would preserve Nigeria's Englishness. Ian Smith, Verwoerd – even Tshombe – are, in Bella's view, God's gift to an Africa "ripe for revolution." This is one of many ways in which Bella and Chou En-lai – who has called Bella the greatest of the African leaders – see eye to eye.

Only within Marxism itself does Bella find room for divergent views. Serge Michel, the erstwhile adviser to Patrice Lumumba, edits the pro-Peking Algiers paper, *Ce Soir*. Michel's fellow-Frenchman, Henri Alleg, who is pro-Russian, controls *Alger Républicain*. "Algerian" or "Titoist" Marxists have *Le Peuple*. But Bella, who has banned the Algerian Communist Party and absorbed its members into his own, seeks to "use" the Communist powers to defeat residual colonialism – which will be his victory, not theirs. The Communists, of course, think they are using Bella to oust the West from Africa. But Bella seems to reject, successfully, anything that would interfere with his freedom to be pack leader to the world's great underdog majority.

On the home front, his predominantly Berber rivals have either been executed, jailed, exiled or neutralized, and only two Kabyls – as Berbers are known in Northern Algeria – remain in the cabinet. He has come to terms with the Army leader, who still uses his *nom de guerre* of Houari Boumedienne. Boumedienne will soon have a force of 100,000 – second in Africa only to

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Egypt, if South Africa's paramilitary police are not counted in the South African figure.

Bella has evaded comment on Malaysia, on Indonesia's withdrawal from the UN and on China's briefly-mooted plan for a rival organization. His Treasury subsidizes the work of International Volunteers Service, an American aid program, in the politically sensitive Berber region of Tizi Ouzou. He dare not quarrel with Boumedienne, the leader of a potential military junta, but he expects Kasavubu to quarrel with Tshombe, leader of a potential secession. Facing the same African psychological tragedy of childlessness as Sékou Touré and Modibo Keita (and probably for more tragic reasons) he has puritanically banned prostitution and stimulants (Algerian wine is for Christians only).

No other government in Africa (except, of course, those of South Africa and Rhodesia and, spasmodically, that of Egypt) is so Americanophobe; but no foreigner feels as welcome in Algeria as an American. One result of winning a war against France is the self-confidence it has given to Algerians, who have less "complexes" with people from the developed world than their neighbors in North Africa. Bella's educated citizens are sophisticatedly cynical of propaganda. On the day of the first Dong Hoi bombing, I hurried to the central Algiers news kiosks only an hour after the day's rations of *The New York Times* and *Herald-Tribune* arrived; but 200 Algerians had beaten me to it.

The university, once a seething den of both white ultras and nationalists, now echoes to Sinatra, the Beatles, the Detroit Sound. In their boredom with politics, with the "heroes of the struggle" and the "war of liberation," both boys and girls resemble their fellow-Semitic, new generation counterparts at Hebrew University in Jerusalem. But this does not worry Bella. "What African president has a majority behind him in his capital?" he asked a friend recently. The unrevolutionary nature of most Algerian youth makes it politically easier for Bella to accept one uncomfortable imperative – his continued economic dependence on France, which buys and subsidizes most Algerian exports and gives work to 600,000 Algerians in France, whose monthly remittances support 20 percent of Bella's citizens.

RUSSELL WARREN HOWE

What Is the Lesson of 1929?

William McChesney Martin Jr., chairman of the Federal Reserve System since 1951, has suffered professorial attacks longer and more patiently than most officials. On June 1, he counterattacked at Columbia.

His main message – somewhat veiled but well enough understood in Wall Street – was that the country may need, soon if not now, tighter money and higher interest rates to protect its domestic economic health and its balance of payments. Here Chairman Martin takes issue with a host of critics, mainly academics, some of whom may even have infiltrated Washington. Many think that the current expansion needs further stimulus rather than sterner discipline and that the dollar's prestige abroad already receives too high priority in United States policy.

Chairman Martin reads the critics lessons from the history of the 'twenties and the Great Depression. The irony is that before 1933 Chairman Martin's intellectual and official precursors were firmly in the saddle here and in Europe. Unlike him, they did not have to accommodate or even answer heretical financial views. The mistakes they made were all their own.

A boom is a trying period for a central banker who believes, like Chairman Martin, that recessions and depressions are inescapable retribution for the "maladjustments" of prosperity. Should he let such "excesses" develop? Or should he administer a dose of tight money? This medicine itself may turn prosperity into recession. But the doctor will always assure his perplexed and involuntary patients that they needed it to forestall much worse suffering later.

The current expansion is especially trying. It has been proceeding for 52 months without the degree of monetary discipline the Federal Reserve became accustomed to administer in the 'fifties. Yet it is hard even for the hypersensitive antennae of the central bank to detect any maladjustments or excesses. Since February, 1961, a $150 billion expansion in total annual public and private spending has reduced unemployment from 7 to 4.5 percent, without noticeably raising prices. In the spring of 1961 Chairman Martin told Congress that unemployment was structural, that it could not be reduced by more spending except at serious risk of bottlenecks and inflation. Similar warnings, similarly unfounded, have been repeated in orthodox financial circles at every step of the recovery. Had they been heeded, the country would have lost millions of jobs and billions of dollars in production and income.

Chairman Martin views economic expansion as a potentially explosive chain reaction, which only the tightest control prevents from running away. Some booms may merit this metaphor. But the current one seems in more danger of ending with a whimper than with a bang. To keep it going has required a succession

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of carefully timed and gauged stimuli – increases in federal spending, income tax cuts and now excise reductions. "Leaning against the wind," the favorite posture of the Federal Reserve, is not an appropriate stance when the problem is to keep the wind blowing.

What is the lesson of 1929? Chairman Martin says, "to a large extent the disaster of 1929-33 was a consequence of maladjustments born of the boom of the 'twenties." More likely, the expansion of the 'twenties – non-inflationary like the present expansion – simply ran out of steam. Instead of taking action to prolong it, Chairman Martin's predecessors tightened credit and raised interest rates. Like many contemporary observers and historians, they paid too much attention to a sideshow, stock market speculation, and too little to the main ring, the real economy.

Certainly no maladjustments or overindulgences occurred in the 'twenties which preordained that a routine recession in 1929-30 should become a worldwide economic and political catastrophe. That took incredible sins of omission and commission, all justified in the name of fiscal and financial orthodoxy. In the monetary area, the worst overt sins were *raising* the discount rate in September-October, 1931 (Chairman Martin agrees this was a mistake) and in February, 1933. On both occasions, the Federal Reserve's purpose was to protect the international gold value of the dollar. Chairman Martin was telling history upside down at Columbia when he blamed the severity of the depression on *in*sufficient concern for the external status of the dollar. Recovery did not begin in the US until Roosevelt gave recovery higher priority than the gold standard.

It is true that the position of the dollar as an international reserve currency today is analogous to the role of the pound sterling from 1925 to 1931. But the lesson of the analogy is the opposite of the one Chairman Martin draws. In 1925, through an excess of orthodox zeal and a Colonel Blimp conception of imperial prestige, Britain returned to the gold standard at the 1914 parity of sterling with gold and the dollar. This made British exports too expensive. The result, foreseen by J. M. Keynes, was unemployment, civil strife and depression. Nor did the sacrifices imposed on the British people and their trading partners overseas save for long the gold value of the pound or London's financial prestige. Britain was forced to devalue in 1931, and then British recovery began.

Chairman Martin deplores the ensuing destruction of the international gold standard. But this was the result of the depression, not its cause. And the depression itself owed much of its severity to the British government's previous determination to give the prestige of the pound sterling absolute priority over domestic prosperity.

It is worth noting in passing that then as now France had a "strong" currency because of previous devaluations, that then as now French threats to take gold forced deflationary policies on the US and Britain, and that then as now France took gold anyway.

This is the history to which Chairman Martin appeals in asking us to place the international "value and status of the dollar" above all other considerations of economic policy. He excoriates "some Keynesian and neo-classical economists" for wishing the US to follow the British 1931 example. But the issue is not really devaluation. The exchange value of the dollar in the 'sixties is by no means as unrealistically high as that of the pound in the late 'twenties. The issue is whether the maintenance of gold-dollar convertibility at the present rate has an absolute priority over all other objectives of US domestic and foreign policy. Is "going off gold" such an ultimate catastrophe, like nuclear war, that we must avoid at all costs the slightest risk of its occurrence? And if, as Chairman Martin dubiously argues, the result would be worldwide depression, should we not expect more cooperation and forbearance from our allies than we are likely to receive so long as we define the problem, as he does, as a strictly American responsibility?

Both America and the world have more to gain from steady economic progress and sustained full employment in the US than from timid obsession with foreign confidence in the dollar. Gratifying as it is, our long economic expansion has not yet restored full employment. The social costs of a persistent shortage of jobs can be observed daily in the streets of our cities and in the demoralization of those groups, notably Negroes and teen-agers, who get jobs only when labor markets are tight. In a real sense these people – and the mayors, social workers, police and anti-poverty warriors who must struggle with their problems – are the victims of the shortcomings of fiscal and monetary policy.

The identification of prosperity with imprudent self-indulgence may have an appealing Puritan ring. But it is wholly a vicarious Puritanism, like the austerity of the international financiers who in 1931 forced the Labour government to cut the dole of the unemployed and the salaries of teachers in a vain attempt to "save" the pound. It would be criminal folly to endanger our current economic growth either by an attack on conjectural maladjustments and imagined excesses or by subservience to gold-hungry foreign central banks. As Chairman Martin says, "If monetary history were to repeat itself, it would be nobody's fault but our own."

JAMES TOBIN

PROFESSOR TOBIN *was a member of the President's Council of Economic Advisers – 1961-1962 – and is Sterling Professor of Economics at Yale University.*

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Cuba – Guns and Sugar

by Leopoldo Aragon

This past April and May, over a million people – from Fidel Castro and his cabinet down to and including members of the diplomatic corps – cut sugar cane in what may have been the greatest popular mobilization in this hemisphere. It was as if 20 million Americans had left their jobs and homes to spend days, in some instances weeks, to save a grain crop in the Midwest – and doing it for free, except for transportation, room and board.

I was in Cuba for part of this time, and being skeptical of "socialist volunteer work," I went looking for long faces at the bus station terminal in Havana, where the "volunteers" were arriving from the fields. I didn't find them. Truckload after truckload rolled in, the passengers singing sugar crop songs, particularly one that is the current rage, *Qué Rica Está la Caña* (How Sweet the Cane Is), music by Mozambique King, Pello el Afrocán, and lyrics by Pello and Fidel Castro.

Ernesto "Ché" Guevara has been out of the limelight for months now, raising the most varied speculations that he had committed suicide, been fired as Minister of Industries, taken asylum in the Algerian Embassy, left for the war in Vietnam, was en route to a meeting of Communist Parties in Montevideo, Uruguay, defected and sold revolutionary secrets to the US for $10 million. None of them is true. I saw him cutting cane in Oriente Province.

People in Cuba know that sugar means foreign exchange with which to buy things, and that this exchange has to be earned with blisters and aching backs. The cane crop is expected to go over 40 percent of last year and to be either the best or next-best in Cuba's history. It is worth more than $300 million at current depressed world market prices, prices that spell ruin to high-cost producing countries and those who invested heavily in equipment and planting in the hope of getting into the American market vacated by Cuba. Depressed world prices are not fatal to Cuba, however, because of the new sugar agreement with the Soviet Union, which guarantees payment of almost double the present free market quotations for the entire crop and all future crops until 1970, when production is expected to reach 12 million American (short) tons, as compared with the 7.2 million tons this year. Under the agreement, selling or not selling in the open market is left to Cuba's discretion.

To me, who had known pre-revolutionary Cuba and been there four years ago, the contrast between past and present is symbolized by the use of "we"; as when people say "we are doing this, or that." In the rest of Latin America, it is "I" and "they." To be sure, not everybody says "we," but the "I" mentality of the old politicians (and of most of the exile activists I met in Miami) would sound jarring in Havana.

The new Cuba does not yet have a fixed profile of its own. I am reasonably sure it will be neither capitalistic nor quite like anything else in the socialist world. It will be proud, nationalistic and anti-imperialistic. For the moment, the cult of personality is strong. Fidel is believed in passionately, and in turn passionately believes his country is "The First Free Territory of America." He displays inordinate confidence in the battle-cry of the Revolution: "Fatherland or Death! We Shall Conquer!"

US intervention in the Dominican Republic has, of course, given Castro a propaganda bonus. Cuban airwaves are crowded with shrill commentaries: "We were right," "we told you so." They quote with relish scathing denunciations of the US from every corner of Latin America, especially from individuals known for their pro-American views. The government has been skillful in "proving" that the exiles' aim is to do in Cuba what has been done in the Dominican Republic, a revolting prospect to any self-respecting Cuban, whether or not he approves of the Revolution.

The larger Cuban towns, particularly Havana, are a study in contrast: manicured parks and boulevards, and dismal shops. Semi-durable and durable goods are scarce, of the lowest quality imaginable and outrageously priced. They are strictly rationed, which seems rather foolish since people can't afford them. Another superfluous regulation is the ban on the honking of automobile horns: most of the cars don't seem to have mufflers and roar louder than a hot-rod. The characteristic noises of Cuba have not changed: yelling at the top of one's lungs, music blaring from radios. The Cuban woman is still swathed in a dress that threatens to burst at the seams with every bounce. Nightlife is subdued in comparison to former years, but would seem wild to a sedate Washingtonian. It is

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LEOPOLDO ARAGON *has been for five years Washington correspondent of six Latin American newspapers, including* El Dia *(Mexico City) and* Gestos *(Lima).*

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among those whose occupation most directly benefited from pre-revolutionary tourism that one finds the largest proportion of critics of the Revolution.

As in all countries, the visitor is likely to be in more frequent contact with taxi drivers, bartenders, waiters, hotel keepers, entertainers, etc., to say nothing of prostitutes – than with other segments of the population. He might conclude from their remarks that 60 or perhaps 70 percent of the people are against the regime. I would largely agree with those figures, so far as this group is concerned. One must look elsewhere for partisans of the regime – among farmers, laborers, office workers, students, the armed forces, the militia and, above all, the *becados*, the couple of hundred-thousand kids whose studies, room and board, clothing and various other necessities are provided through scholarships.

In brief, Cuba is not the paradise of the travel brochures, but it is not the hell painted by the exiles either. In Havana (1.5 million) and other cities, one does not find the abysmal misery of other Latin American urban centers, nothing approaching the slums of Lima, Buenos Aires, Caracas, Panama, Mexico City, Rio or Sao Paulo. The rate of illiteracy, according to UNESCO, has been reduced to 3.8 percent, as compared to 18.5 percent in the next most literate country in Latin America, Argentina. One hears people in Cuba talk of 1962 to mid-1963 as "the horrible year." I can imagine how it must have been. I was there in mid-1961, after the Bay of Pigs, and it was bad. "Now," residents say, "you go to the grocery store and you get what is due to you according to your ration card; it isn't much, but you get it." And every so often you get a surprise. The grocer says, "Today I have some extra potatoes, or rice or a chicken!" A British journalist commented to me that, "Calorie per calorie these people don't know what rationing is." He was referring to British rations during and immediately after World War II. He pointed out that bread and sugar have never been rationed here. "Now they consume twice as many calories by coupons as we did. They have all the food they want in restaurants, and all the beer and drinks they can hold – and, they are almost in a permanent state of war." Eggs are off ration, and *malanga* (the equivalent of potatoes to a German in the Cuban diet) is expected to go free soon. There is the black market in the cities and a virtually open market in the countryside; food rationing is Greek to the *campesinos*. Luxury restaurants like the famed 1830 and La Torre are useless to the population; prices there are as high as in the Four Seasons in New York. But places such as the old Hemingway hangouts, Floridita and Sloppy Joe's, serve moderately priced food in gargantuan portions.

The Wayward Buses

Judged by Latin American standards and in comparison to 1961, Cuba has unquestionably improved, and there are three main reasons: experience gained after much trial and error; technical and material cooperation from the Soviet Union, Czechoslovakia and other socialist countries including China; and the circumventing of the US trade embargo. It is acknowledged that it was the British Leyland Company, by its sale of buses, that cracked open the blockade. "Before," Cuban officials say, "it was Leyland that made news; now it is the company that does not sell to us which makes news." A visitor sees numerous Western salesmen at the Riviera, Havana Libre (neé Hilton), and Nacional Hotels. Their presence is taken as evidence of Western European business confidence in Cuba's future.

There is no institution in Cuba today where the cohesion of power and efficiency is more patent than in the armed forces. The Revolutionary Army cannot be compared with anything I know in Latin America. The closest thing to it is the US Marine Corps. There are over 125,000 crack troops at the ready, plus an active reserve of another 150,000. They are very well equipped with the latest weapons available to Warsaw Pact countries – most importantly, quantities of mobile rockets (surface to surface and surface to air), plus anti-aircraft and anti-personnel canon. Mili-

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tias trained in street and mountain fighting are said to number close to half a million. One hears of some not-visible-to-the-visitor armaments that are supposed to be the equivalent of a few of the elements in Big-Power arsenals. In his April 19 speech Fidel said: "Let the imperialists dispel from their minds any illusions about getting off scot-free after starting 'little fires' here [as in Vietnam]. The day they start a *fueguito* [little fire] here, will be the day when they start the *fuegazo* [the great big fire] . . . and everything floating around this island will be blown to bits. . . ."

Western diplomats in Havana with whom I spoke believe that, even discounting direct Soviet intervention in the case of an attack by the United States, there would be enough punch left in Cuba to sink any invading armada *at sea*, after the expected saturation bombardment of the island.

I have the solid impression that Fidel Castro is not interested in reestablishing normal diplomatic or economic relations with the United States, at least for the time being; or in having back the technicians who fled. On the contrary, negotiations seem well under way toward letting "unadaptable elements" migrate to Spain. The Santo Domingo affair has for the time being ended Russia's insistence that Cuba seek those relations with the US. Trade with the US, which would have been enticing, has lost much of its attraction because of the realignment of the Cuban economy toward other markets, and the increasingly steady supply of American spare parts coming to Cuba from US subsidiaries in Europe, or from substitutes of local and foreign manufacture.

Of, By and For the Poor

The New Generation of Student Organizers

by Andrew Kopkind

More than anything, the new generation of students cares about democracy. They have talked about it, written about it, demonstrated about it. Now they have begun to organize people to change their communities into more democratic forms. Their theories of change are being put into practice in Mississippi and parts of a few other Southern states by SNCC (the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee) and its followers, and in 11 Northern cities by SDS (Students for a Democratic Society). Its practitioners are almost all in their twenties (or younger), and their education and experience is not exceptional. But they have – perhaps uniquely in this generation – grasped the enormity of the contradictions in the American experience, and they have committed themselves to work for basic social change. They may not succeed; the odds against a significant shift in a huge technological society of 200 million people are incalculably high. But already the new organizers have had an impact greater than the modesty of their numbers would suggest.

Their movement, like all "ferment" on college campuses in the past half-decade, has to be understood in the context of the civil rights movement. The struggle for minimal participation by American Negroes in American democracy "peeled away the façade" (in the current jargon) from the architecture of society, and those who were in the fight saw that there was more to discrimination than weak laws or racial prejudice. For the students of the 'sixties, Birmingham and Albany and the Mississippi Summer was the new American Revolution. At the core of the Berkeley Free Speech Movement last fall was the same battle cry that had been heard in the counties of Mississippi: "Let the people decide."

It is the same slogan that the SDS organizers wear on buttons as they work with the Negroes of Clinton Hill, a slum in the South Ward of Newark, New Jersey. It is the same phrase that SDS organizers in Cleveland's Near West Side, a poor white slum, use in protesting the politician-run poverty program.

SDS has a prehistory as the unfortunately-named SLID – the Student League for Industrial Democracy. Without the students, the parent league is a kind of camp for itinerant old leftist intellectuals – or those who think old. In the summer of 1962, the new SDS students met near Port Huron, Mich., and approved a

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statement of ideas and principles. The "Port Huron Statement" is the seminal document of the new left – or "the movement." Its analysis of society was blunt: "America rests in national stalemate . . . its democratic system apathetic and manipulated rather than 'of, by, and for the people'." The framers had no detailed prescription for a change, but a determination to "search for truly democratic alternatives to the present, and a commitment to social experimentation with them. We seek the establishment of a democracy of individual participation governed by two central aims: that the individual share in those social decisions determining the quality and the direction of his life; that society be organized to encourage independence in men and provide the media for their common participation."

SDS chapters opened on several campuses – there were 23 with 900 members at the beginning of the academic year; there are now about 75, with 2,000 members – but except for crisis breaks for civil rights activities in the South, the students had no program for putting the Port Huron concepts into practice. In fact, the distrust of authority and dislike of manipulation were so strong and so pervasive that the idea of any program at all was suspect. Programs imply leaders, strategy, preconceived notions of what is good for people. But somehow the students got that particular philosophical fly out of the bottle, and in early 1964 began setting up SDS projects in a number of Northern cities. A special department called ERAP (Economic Research and Action Project) administered the community organizing work, initially with a $3,000 grant from the United Auto Workers.

Changing Lives

They moved into the communities in groups of six or a dozen. In Cleveland, they rented an apartment in a tacky old frame house in one of the poorest white neighborhoods. They had an idea that they would help the local "community people" to change the condition and quality of their lives, but they were not at all sure how they would do it. ERAP was committed to building an "interracial movement of the poor"; it was thought reasonable to begin reshaping the community among the classes who had the least stake in its preservation, and the most immediate need for improvement. The Near West Side of Cleveland looked at first like a fertile ground. Poor whites from Southern Appalachia lived in squalid "hillbilly heavens," in small, roach-infested apartments that rented for $25 a week. There was a WPA-vintage housing project nearby, with an unobstructed view of a clangorous barge-loading canal, and easy access to the city's most notorious rat-breeding grounds.

For three weeks, the SDS kids (they are called that, or "students," by their friends in the community, and while the terms are, strictly speaking, inaccurate, they do not object) canvassed the neighborhood on a voter-registration drive. They were able to get into hundreds of living rooms, and they talked easily about the concerns people had. In late July, they put together their findings. There were three major problems the people of the Near West Side had more or less in common: the inadequacy and mindless application of public welfare (particularly Aid to Dependent Children), unemployment among men, and conditions in the public housing project.

Organization of the community was to begin around these issues. First off, the staff helped women on welfare to revitalize an organization called CUFAW (Citizens United for Adequate Welfare), which had been active two years previously when Ohio's Governor Rhodes cut welfare payments drastically as an "economy move." The cut had never been restored, but CUFAW was dormant.

"We just talked with the women. They decided they wanted to do something. We said we'd help them do whatever they wanted," said one of the SDS staff. CUFAW's first target – less ambitious than the restoration of full welfare payments – was the institution of a free school lunch program in Cleveland public schools. With the SDS kids always in the background (but with the assurance of their support), the CUFAW women held rallies and meetings, protested to official boards, and complained so loud in public – and with such force – that the city caved in.

The students advised against setting up a hierarchic leadership in CUFAW. As in their own staff meetings, chairmanship rotated among the members, and there was no permanent bureaucratic structure. "Things are done as they need to be," one student explained. The anarchy, which is so characteristic of the SNCC-SDS movement, was a bit much for the older women of CUFAW. Later in the year they moved to formalize their group. Chairmen were elected to terms of a few months instead of a few weeks, but the basic premise of full participation by all the members remained.

The housing project was organized around the lack of recreation facilities. The SDS kids talked with residents, and a tenants' meeting was held. The housing project officials were terrified, but the recreation director – whose enthusiasms had not previously included an interest in recreation – was convinced to make immediate reforms. The tenants' meeting became the Tenants' Council, but the whole movement in the project touched a sensitive nerve in Cleveland officialdom. SDS activities were investigated by the city's "Red Squad," a kind of miniature FBI. Some older women residents of the housing project were convinced that the students were Communists, and the first of a con-

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tinuing series of red-baitings began. The pressure finally became so strong that SDS withdrew its support from the Tenants' Council, the president of the Council resigned, and organizing was abandoned.

The unemployment issue proved difficult to "organize around." As it turned out, unemployed men in the neighborhood had little in common. In the process, though, some of the SDS students spent days in "spot labor" employment offices, and began to learn what it was like to be in the lowest ranks of American life. They also saw how uninterested organized labor was in reforming the employment patterns of the area. "Spot labor" – short-term or part-time jobs for minimum wages and less – was non-unionized, but the spot laborers could work in union shops, often for long periods of time under gentlemen's agreements between the employers and the unions.

Organizing in a poor white community was much tougher than the SDS kids had feared, but they had already made their existence felt in Cleveland. They fought the official anti-poverty program (like most in the country, it was controlled by politicians for whatever political benefits it might bring), and helped residents draw up alternatives. They also made friends in the Negro near-slum area of Glenville, across town from their original headquarters, and made plans to start an organizing project there this summer.

As the year progressed, the SDS staff – which now included one local young mother on welfare – were attracted more and more to the idea of a "community union" rather than specific issue-groups as a basis for organizing. Their model was the SDS project in Newark, which had gathered scores of local Negroes into the Newark Community Union Project (NCUP), called by everyone "en-cup."

NCUP began at the same time as the Cleveland project, but the SDS kids found more immediate response in the Negro ghetto than their friends had among the Cleveland poor whites. The Negroes of Clinton Hill had a wide range of grievances: housing, education, police harassment, welfare – and simply the feeling of being "left out." The organizers easily found local residents to work with them, and there are now about as many Negroes as "students" on the staff.

The students roamed the streets of the "lower hill" neighborhood in Newark; they took "housing surveys" and met the residents. Those who were most eager to "do something" were encouraged to have informal meetings of their neighbors, and soon a system of organized streets – called "blocks" – developed. Hunterdon Street held weekly meetings, so did Hillside, and Peshine; and every Tuesday there would be a general NCUP meeting for all the blocks.

Housing was the obvious first concern, and when the tenants in a slum building met they realized that together they might have the leverage to compel improvements. There were rent strikes, and there were repairs. There was also increased harassment from city officials and the police, and a round of court cases began – against NCUP organizers – which have yet to be resolved. As they did by probing the Cleveland housing project, the students touched raw spots by attacking politically-connected slumlords in Newark.

There had been some hope that NCUP would attract whites as well as Negroes, but it has not so far. There are still whites in Clinton Hill – it was once a middle class Jewish neighborhood, and some older white residents still live on the "upper hill." They are not in NCUP. There had been a neighborhood council before NCUP, but its main effect was to preserve as long as possible the "nice" parts of the Hill and avoid contact with the new poor Negroes.

It is difficult to measure the extent of NCUP's effect on Clinton Hill. In the way of immediate improvements, there have been a number of building repairs made by landlords, and at least detectable housing inspection and code enforcement by the city. Sanitation and garbage pick-up (NCUP demands) have been improved, and an urban renewal scheme which would have turned much of the area into an industrial zone – with drastic results for the poorest residents –has been quietly shelved. These are small victories, but they have done something more for the Negroes of Clinton Hill: they expect something will happen.

From the Bottom Up

Organizing the poor is not so much a political act as a psychological process. There is no street haranguing, no cadre discipline. Spontaneity is all-important. "The most significant thing," says Tom Hayden, who drafted the Port Huron Statement and is now an NCUP organizer in Newark, "is the development of a group of people with no previous political connections who are able to speak and act without being embarrassed or dependent on the higher-ups."

It is a long jump from a statement of theories to a block meeting, but they are jumping in Newark. Last week, after she and her son were arrested by Fifth Precinct policemen in Clinton Hill, Mrs. Georgia Lewis sat in the office of an aide to Mayor Hugh J. Addonizio, and told him she didn't want to take any more harassment, that she was tired of arbitrary arrests and threats and brutal treatment (Mrs. Lewis's daughter was arrested in front of the NCUP staff's apartment a few months ago, also for no apparent reason). With her in the office were a dozen NCUP members – both students and community people. Mrs. Lewis, a shy, frail Negro, was suddenly not afraid to speak back to the "higher-ups." The mayor's aide was

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annoyed, but he could not help being impressed.

To visit with the SDS projects for a week is a wrenching experience. Someone said the official war on poverty might be far more effective if Sargent Shriver spent a few days – perhaps incognito, like Peter the Great among shipwrights in Amsterdam – with the poor whites on the Near West Side, or the Negroes in Newark. Long before Adam Clayton Powell thought of it, the SDS kids knew that social change cannot come from the top-down and decided they had to become as nearly as possible part of the community they are helping.

Hardly anyone on the "outside" can imagine the completeness of their transformation, or the depth of their commitment. They are not down there for a visit in the slums. They are part of the slums, a kind of lay-brotherhood, or worker-priests, except that they have no dogma to sell. They get no salary; they live on a subsistence allowance that the project as a whole uses for rent and food. Most of the time they are broke. In the dining room of the Cleveland "project house" last week was a sign: "Panic point. Bank balance $4.09." Newark project workers have to call "friends in the suburbs" every so often for $5 or $10, so the necessities of life can continue. The kids are the very antithesis of paid organizers the unions or political parties have to hire. Most of them have committed their lives to "the movement"; no matter if in a few years they change their minds. It is important that they now have the expectation of remaining.

Most of them went to college. Their experience runs from drop-out to PhD. The two major collegiate springs were Swarthmore (where students started an organizing project in nearby Chester, Pa., which became one model and later an affiliate of ERAP) and the University of Michigan. Most of them come from middle-class and professional-class families; many of their parents do not approve. They are subject to the same psychological motivations as everyone else of their age in America. They believe it is their conscience, not their psychology, which counts in their society. They hear about SDS at college and the projects cannot absorb all the organizers who apply to work. The urge to *act* is the strongest force of the new left. Students can read in a brochure distributed by the National Student Association of 30 or more action projects they can join, for the summer or longer.

In some instances, they are more proletarian than the proletariat: they eat a spartan diet of one-and-a-half meals a day, consisting mainly of powdered milk and large quantities of peanut butter and jelly, which seems to be the SDS staple. Occasionally, they cadge much more appetizing (and, presumably, more nourishing) meals from their poor local friends.

They will never, of course, assimilate themselves entirely into the poor community. There is a psychological distance between the newcomers and the older residents, and even though it is shorter than one would imagine, it bothers some of the kids. A few of the NCUP students have gone to another New Jersey city, have taken low-paying jobs, much as the indigenous poor would have, and they lead an "ordinary" life without any kind of plan for organizing. It is more than the Fabian idea of "getting to know the poor," and much less than the old Communist idea of infiltrating the proletariat. One girl has gone to work in a garment shop; when her friends and co-workers learn she is a college graduate and ask why she is working for $1.25 an hour as an unskilled laborer, she replies truthfully, "because I was tired of the rat-race."

But most of the SDS kids do not go so far. They balance their desire to build a working movement with their anti-strategy and anti-leadership beliefs. They hate the system of manipulation and authoritarianism more than they dislike the injustices it produces.

Repudiating the Past

It is hard for liberals traumatized by both Stalinism and McCarthyism to understand the new left's attitudes about Communism. First, SDS called itself a "non-Communist organization." The students dropped the designation a few months ago, because no one could see its relevance. (The Daughters of the American Revolution does not call itself a non-Communist group.) They do not seek allies in the middle-class liberal world, because their analysis of society tells them that the liberals have as much stake in the *status quo* as the conservatives, and are equally as biased against change. The red-baiting in Newark has come from "liberal Democratic" politicians – and from some of the older civil rights organizations.

Relations with the League for Industrial Democracy are far from friendly. League leaders – especially Bayard Rustin – want a coalition of liberal movements (unions, civil rights groups, the churches) to improve the condition of the poor. The students see the coalition idea as merely an extension of New Deal welfare politics. They want to do more than lift a few poor people into the middle class. "The New Deal brought socialism to the middle class and free enterprise to the poor," a Protestant minister who works with SDS in Cleveland said.

The organizers are anything but apolitical. But they believe they must shake up the politicians before any changes can be made, that they must start the poor moving – as the civil rights movement got the Negroes in the South moving – before the "power structure" will acknowledge their existence. SNCC workers in Mississippi march with Negroes to court-

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houses every day in a futile attempt to register to vote, not because they think that the rolls will suddenly open, but because the Negroes learn that they are systematically excluded from democratic participation. SDS organizers march with the poor in Newark for the same reason. If Mayor Addonizio thinks that is a subversive development, he is right.

The temptation to direct the course of the movement is strong, and the SDS workers have all they can do to stay in the background. In Cleveland, there is a strong feeling for the project "group." Some have called it a kind of kibbutz, or a commune. The staff lives and eats together. They have no project office; if their organizing produces a community organization, they want the local people, not the SDS kids to run it. Long staff meetings that characterize the whole movement, North and South, sometimes sound like group therapy sessions.

Newark's project is much more free-wheeling than Cleveland's, perhaps because it includes so many community people already. The original SDS students are now merged with the local Negro staff in NCUP, and together they spend much of the day talking with people in their neighborhood. Sometimes in pairs (often interracial) they walk up and down the blocks, ringing doorbells of apartments they have not yet visited, or dropping in on NCUP stalwarts. There is a staff apartment, but some members are leaving to find separate quarters in the neighborhood, and eventually that may become the pattern.

This summer, all the SDS projects – in Cleveland, Newark, Hudson County, N.J., Chicago, Baltimore, Cairo, Ill., Boston and Oakland, Calif., and affiliates in Chester, Pa., San Francisco, and New Haven – will get an influx of new students, some working *à la* Mississippi between school years, and others who will stay on through the year. In Cleveland, the project is starting a community theater, which will get community people to act in loose-scripted plays around the neighborhood – on food stamp lines, in front of unemployment offices, and wherever else a crowd is likely to gather. In Newark, dozens of SDS kids will work with NCUP on extending the block organization and trying to steer the official Newark anti-poverty program around to involvement of the poor.

The Uses of Power

At the April 17 "March on Washington to End the War in Vietnam," which SDS sponsored, the organization's president, Paul Potter, asked the demonstrators as they massed at the base of the Washington Monument, "What kind of system is it that disenfranchises people in the South, leaves millions . . . impoverished and excluded from the mainstream and promise of American society, that creates faceless and terrible bureaucracies . . . that consistently puts material values before human values – and still persists in calling itself free and in finding itself fit to police the world? What place is there for ordinary men in that system and how are they to control it, make it bend itself to their wills rather than bending them to its? We must name that system. We must name it, describe it, analyze it, understand it, and change it."

Someone in the crowd yelled "capitalism," and he was shouted down by others. The system Potter means to name – and change – is much more complicated than that. It is an intricate set of interlocking relationships that is called "power." It doesn't really matter who is holding it – a Negro leader or a white, a liberal or a conservative.

The old left says that community organization was tried in the 'thirties, among the unemployed, and it did not grow into a movement then, and will not in this generation. They suspect that the students would not know what to do with power if they should suddenly achieve it – and they think that indeed the students would rather remain in opposition than start planning. More than that, they do not know how in the world a community union or a group of protesting welfare mothers can win over the entrenched power of city or state administrations, and the vast economic allies they have.

What is to be done with power is the crucial question in SDS, as it is with SNCC. Last week in Newark, a slate of NCUP community members (including some SDS staff organizers) was elected to run one of the area boards of the city's official war on poverty. Newark's machine politicians were aghast, but NCUP's joy at political victory (the slate won a vote of area residents by two-thirds majority) was not unalloyed. Running even part of an anti-poverty program (the area board will determine the needs of its neighborhood, and then help administer the funds granted) might lead to the creation of the kind of bureaucratic, leader-heavy organization which the students abhor. In Cleveland, the SDS staff shies away from attaching itself too closely even to the opposition anti-poverty plan, which calls for the participation of the poor. The tension within the "freedom movement," between those who want more freedom, and those who want more movement, will surely increase as the doors to power open. "The kids will have to decide whether they want to save their own souls, or change other people's lives," said an older-left critic.

Perhaps the students have not come to grips with that central problem. Still, there is no other movement, no other source of action in the US that is so doggedly exploring methods of social change, and putting them into practice.

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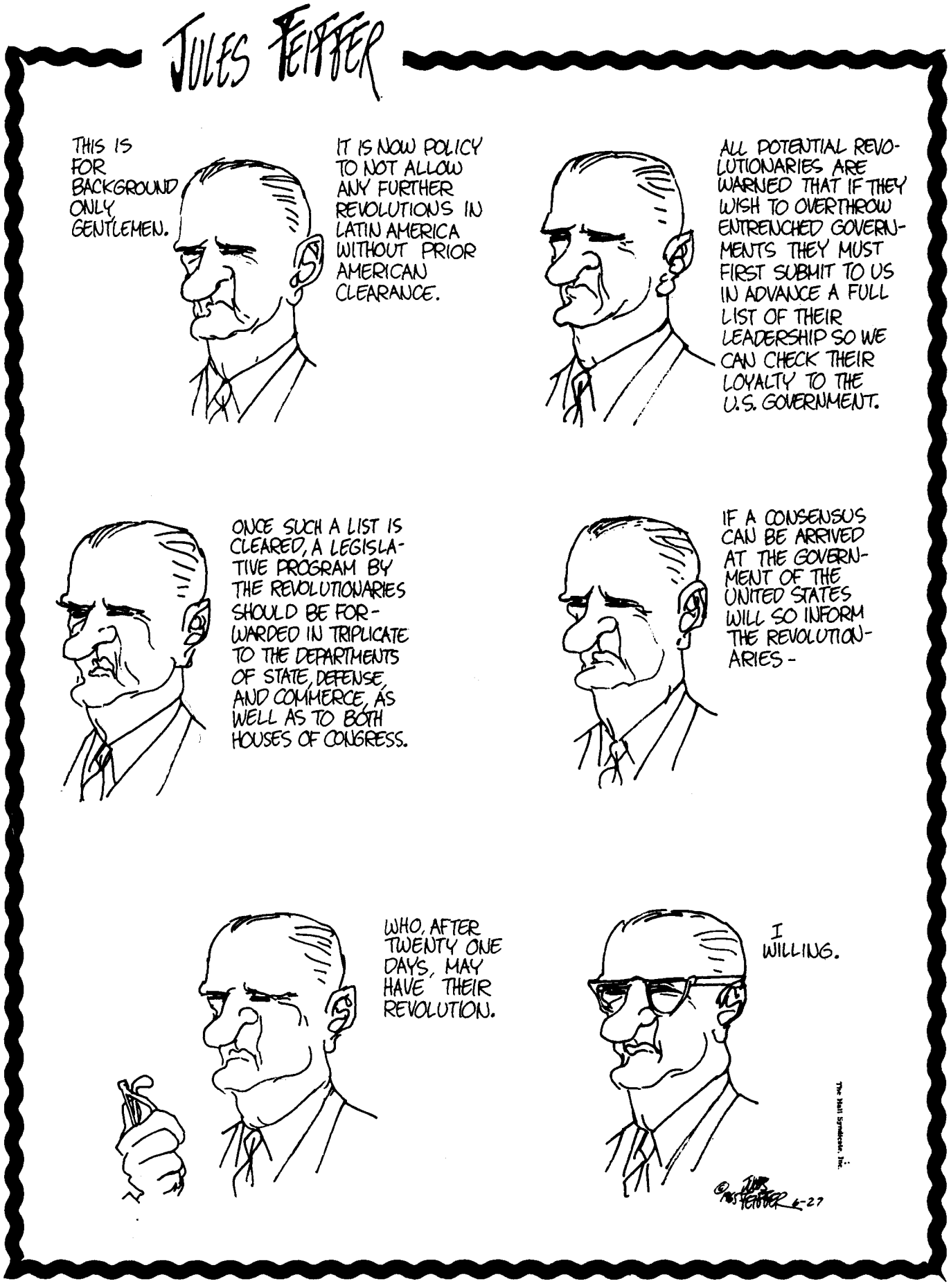
JULES FEIFFER


THIS IS FOR BACKGROUND ONLY GENTLEMEN.
IT IS NOW POLICY TO NOT ALLOW ANY FURTHER REVOLUTIONS IN LATIN AMERICA WITHOUT PRIOR AMERICAN CLEARANCE.
ALL POTENTIAL REVOLUTIONARIES ARE WARNED THAT IF THEY WISH TO OVERTHROW ENTRENCHED GOVERNMENTS THEY MUST FIRST SUBMIT TO US IN ADVANCE A FULL LIST OF THEIR LEADERSHIP SO WE CAN CHECK THEIR LOYALTY TO THE U.S. GOVERNMENT.
ONCE SUCH A LIST IS CLEARED, A LEGISLATIVE PROGRAM BY THE REVOLUTIONARIES SHOULD BE FORWARDED IN TRIPLICATE TO THE DEPARTMENTS OF STATE, DEFENSE, AND COMMERCE, AS WELL AS TO BOTH HOUSES OF CONGRESS.
IF A CONSENSUS CAN BE ARRIVED AT THE GOVERNMENT OF THE UNITED STATES WILL SO INFORM THE REVOLUTIONARIES -
WHO, AFTER TWENTY ONE DAYS, MAY HAVE THEIR REVOLUTION.
I WILLING.
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The Brownshirt Decade

by Theodore Solotaroff

As a people, the Germans have not been known for their self-irony, but during the past three decades or so they seem to have grown unusually solemn. Throughout the Hitler years, there was plenty of material but little opportunity for satire. With only a twist here and there, Chaplin in *The Great Dictator* was able to disclose the endemic inanity that lay just beneath the surface of the Nazi mystique: all that was needed was to allow that goosestepping and heelclicking and jumpy saluting, those grandiose slogans and perfervid speeches to parody themselves as the antics and gibberish of nationalism run amok. But this was also the reason why social satire in Germany was one of the first of the democratic virtues to be driven underground, for like all cases of meglomania, whether individual or mass, the power of the Nazi will, much less its illusion of sanity, could be maintained only as long as nobody was encouraged to laugh. A similar phenomenon, though on a much more limited scale, occured here during the McCarthy episode: it was only after the inadvertent comedy team of Cohn and Schine had demonstrated the ridiculous vices and follies that lurked behind the scenes of the Senator's crusade to save America that the spell of its solemnity was broken and McCathyism came to be viewed in its proper dim light.

Dog Years
by Gunter Grass
translated by Ralph Manheim
(Harcourt, Brace and World; $6.95)

While McCarthy was eventually laughed off the stage of history, Hitler was not. The behavior in the Third Reich that was revealed in the period immediately after its demise was well beyond the wisdom of comedy or tragedy alike, and its case was properly turned over to criminal judges and political pathologists. One might have imagined, though, that the disorder and cynicism of the late 40's in Germany would have given rise to a mood of satire similar to that which swept over its artists and writers during the 1920's. But this was not in the cards. Thanks to the Cold War, West Germany suddenly became our economic and political frontier in the struggle against Communism, and, with only a few snickers here and there, its people found themselves encouraged to resume a just estimate of their prudence, enterprise, and love of freedom. Thus what was repressed through patriotic zeal during the Hitler years came to be further buried by the earnestness and complacency of the "miracle" of reconstruction and recovery. Every so often, a reminder of the recent past would rise to public consciousness as still another grocer or policeman was discovered to have assisted in the murder of another 20 or 2,000 or 200,000 Jews, or a government official such as Franz Joseph Straus regrettably tried to move against his critics with the former severity; but such stirrings merely made the cheese of obliviousness more binding. There was also a generation of younger writers who were struggling to remember and to remind, but their statements were usually too oblique and abstract, their evocation of the past too thinned out by symbolist techniques to appreciably disturb the prevailing amnesia.

Finally, though, the lid was partly blown off a few years ago by the memoir of a midget drummer, writing from a mental hospital. The creation of Gunther Grass, the midget had a power of recall of the past thirty years of the Central European bourgeoisie that was equalled only by his voluble and sardonic contempt for them. In his mockery of the bakers and boy scout leaders who had become Nazis there seemed to be some of the buried laughter and horror of the German consciousness itself. Tender and violent, spiritual and obscene, sportive and gruesome, Oskar's laughter covered virtually the whole range of human expression, but its two poles were cynicism and terror, the respective feelings with which his memoir begins and ends and to which his awareness of the meaning of his life reverts.

For all of the intensity of Oskar's responses, Grass had the wit to come at the subject of the Nazi experience in Danzig and its aftermath in Dusseldorf from the side, as it were, rather than trying to confront it head-on. The first two-thirds of the book, in particular, are packed with the domestic details of Oskar's family and neighbors in which he is far more absorbed than he is with the Nazi presence itself. The advantage of this method is that it enables Grass to present the appeal of fascism as a matter of course, another aspect of the hopelessly childish vanity, docility and gullibility of the Danzig petty bourgeoisie. Indeed, Grass' main insight in *The Tin Drum* is of the infantilism of German culture, in particular, and of the human animal, in general. The only character who doesn't appear as a case of thwarted development is Oskar himself, who has deliberately remained a midget to protect himself from becoming emotionally stunted by a "normal" family life and business career and also by virtue of his belief that the best place for a man, particularly these days, is hidden under the skirts of a woman, a condition which his size is designed to facilitate. The purpose of his writing this memoir and of drumming up the past is, as he says, "to get back to the umbilical chord," and through his account of thirty years spent amid the storm and wreckage of recent history, he is only at peace when he has found another warm,

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dark, sheltering place inside a woman's skirt, closet, cupboard, or bed.

Oskar's infantilism is not a conceit of his author but the real thing: a powerful current of libidinal energy and purpose that drives him to turn his mother's lover over to the Germans and his presumptive father over to the Russians and to stab at the pregnant belly of the maid who is carrying either his brother or his son. Perverse, brutal, fetishistic, and macabre, he provides a perfect sounding board for the history that unfolds around him, he being the reality of its unreality. Caught up in the society of Danzig, he would have been a ruthless Nazi; but since he contracted out at the age of three and remained a midget, his destructiveness becomes a sheer anarchism with a sentimental streak of Polish patriotism and Catholic mysticism. In later life, he has a great success as a concert performer who hypnotically drums elderly audiences back to their infancy. Meanwhile the bad memories of his own actions and those of his age begin to pursue him and the various talismen of his libidinal career end by terrifying him. But from first to last Oskar is the various and irreducible image of the human animal – "childlike, curious, complex, and immoral." At the same time, he is intensely German – a grotesque, modern-day Goethe, as he himself reminds the reader – and he forms a scarifying mirror image of its "barbaric, mystical, and bored" culture.

Following *The Tin Drum*, Grass published a short novel set again in Danzig during the war years but written in an entirely different vein of feeling. *Cat and Mouse* is a tender, almost reverent tale of one of the Danzig schoolboys whom the war draws out of the shelter of his idealism and sends off to the Eastern front. He fights bravely, wins the medal he has always cherished, but when he returns home on leave, he decides he has done enough and deserts, only to drown when he tries to return to his private sanctuary inside a half-sunken ship. The entrapment of Joachim Mahlke in the Nazi cause and his struggle to free himself anticipates the situation of Walter Matern, one of the two major figures in Grass' new novel. *Dog Years* is his most ambitious assault to date on the memory and conscience of contemporary Germany as well as still another return to the Danzig of his own youth under the Nazis – a subject he seems bent on working and reworking until he has reached bottom.

Yet I wonder if he hasn't already done so, at least as far as his present lights go. For all of its epic dimensions, *Dog Years* is a thinner book than *The Tin Drum*, one that keeps piling up material around its rim because it lacks a fully developed center. The book opens with an evocation of the Vistula River as a stream of legends and memories, bearing in its flood waters not only the debris of present history but the flow of the timelessness within time. Thus, the narrator of this first of three sections, a mine owner named Brauxel, connects the river gods of Polish mythology and different bands of famous knights that crossed the Vistula and Napoleon himself to two boys who are playing around a dike. They, too, have already become part of the timelessness of his consciousness as well as of historical time, for the one boy, Amsel, is from an obscure family, possibly Jewish, and the other, Matern, comes from a proud line of Polish-Catholic bandits and anarchists. Matern then casually throws a penknife into the river, the knife with which a year ago the two boys had drawn each other's blood and sworn themselves to brotherhood. It is only 1926, but as Matern casually throws away Amsel's present to him for lack of a stone to throw, history has picked them up in its bloody stream.

Yet there is something of a false magnitude in this opening, though it is very beautiful. There is a great deal of subsequent collapsing of time distinctions throughout the book to open up a historical perspective that remains narrow and repetitive. The first section is mainly an account of the developing ambivalent relationship between Amsel and Matern and of Amsel's early career as a constructor of elaborate scarecrows. The second section, told by Harry Liebenau, a junior member of the Matern-Amsel generation, brings the story up through the war years but readers of Grass' first two novels will feel that they have been through much of this before. The main difference is Grass' increasingly elaborate penchant for portentous symbols and allegory, literary parody and mixed prose styles *a la* Joyce. Matern has drifted into the Nazi Party, though he continues to befriend Amsel and even gives him old SA uniforms with which he constructs mechanized storm troopers. Then, one snowy night, Matern leads a group of his cronies to Amsel's house where they knock out all of his teeth and roll him in the snow. Meanwhile Tulla Pokriefke, whose father is a Nazi, is doing the same thing to Jenny Brunies, a girl whom a liberal school teacher has adopted.

Very well: Amsel is half-Jewish and Jenny is the daughter of a gypsy. The historical anticipation is sound, if somewhat obvious. But why should both Amsel and Jenny undergo a transformation that renders them both slender and graceful, so that Amsel will go on to become a ballet master, among other things, and Jenny a leading dancer. Jenny's first success as a ballerina will come in a performance of "The Snow Queen" and she will later spend an entire night in an ice house without feeling any discomfort. One traces out these different allegories, but they usually confuse or distract from rather than clarify the main issues of the book. Similarly, the two central symbols – a line of three dogs

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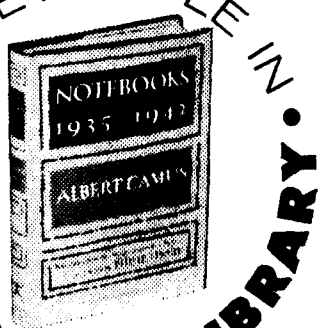

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and the mechanical scarecrows – which are intended to represent the bestial and automaton-like aspects of Nazism, respectively, throw little light on the actual characters in the novel, and, consequently, become merely part of the elaborate rhetoric with which Grass keeps trying to fill out his vision. More's the pity since his powers of immediate observation are such that he can place a gang of storm troopers in a bar, and in two pages of watching them get drunk and start a brawl, he can tell us more about the emotional basis of fascism than he can in all of his lucubrations about Harras and Prinz, the Fuehrer's dog.

What saves *Dog Years* is the figure of Walter Matern. Once Amsel leaves the narrative about one-third of the way through to become a mysterious presence on its periphery until he reappears near the very end as Brauxel, the manufacturer of humanized scarecrows, it is Matern who carries most of the interest. He is a fascinating study of the vestigial anti-Semite, of the internal emigré under fascism, and later of the militant anti-fascist who is attempting to scourge himself and his former comrades for their past crimes. From the moment in which he knocks out Amsel's teeth, his figure alters and he is, by turns, a purposeful and a hapless figure who is never able to extricate himself from his double image as persecutor and avenger. After the war, he travels back and forth through West Germany seeking out his former comrades and superiors in the SA, taking his revenge usually by seducing their wives or daughters and, for a period of several months, passing on to them his venereal disease. For all of his determination, however, Matern is eventually worn down by the sheer shamelessness and fatuity that reigns wherever he goes.

Otherwise, though, *Dog Years* often seems to be more of an exercise in writing than in feeling. It is strange that such a powerful and original satirist of German character should produce such a determinedly literary piece of work. Not that *Dog Years* isn't eminently worth reading; it's just that after reading *The Tin Drum* one feels a little let down by an all-too-German archness where one has come to expect the wit of a deeper terror and rage.

Getting to the White House

by Gerald W. Johnson

How They Became President: Thirty-Five Ways to the White House
by Rexford G. Tugwell
(Simon & Schuster; $8.95)

The last President of the United States elected after running for the office as a gentleman should was George Washington. Yet if each of the other 34 was guilty of something snide during his campaign, it does not follow that they were all heels by nature as well as by training. The necessity arises from the Article of Political Faith that the candidate must present himself, or allow himself to be presented as another Washington – nay, as another Galahad trumpeting:

> My strength is as the strength of ten
> Because my heart is pure,

which is a thundering lie; and from one Big Lie, swarms of little, petty, mean ones are always hatched.

This is the most striking, although not the most important, revelation of a study by Rexford G. Tugwell of the 35 – to date – arrivals at the White House. In a sense, it is inadvertent. The study was originally designed to demonstrate something quite different; but when this came in his way Tugwell, a notably competent applecart-upsetter, presented it with verve. True, the worst of which he accuses the incumbent is some undignified and unnecessary bustling-about. But if it comes to that, did Johnson in fact run in 1964? To many it seems, rather, that he traveled the course in a rickscha, with Goldwater between the shafts. Even Tugwell admits that the bustling-about was undertaken less to win the Presidency than to give a lift to local candidates for Congress and Governorships.

What the author set out to do was, through diligent comparison and evaluation of the 35 specimens available, to isolate and identify those qualities, intellectual and moral, that seem to make a man a successful candidate – not necessarily a successful President, but a winner at the polls. By that criterion, the book can only be adjudged a brilliant failure, for Tugwell found no character common to the entire group except ambition so terrific as to be, in some cases, definitely pathological. But that is useless because it was common also to the losers as well as to the aspirants who could not get even a nomination.

What the investigator did discover is, first, a multitude of ironies that he exploits to the continuous entertainment of any not-too-reverent reader;

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and, second, in the electorate, a political immaturity so startling as to make the only cogent comment on the survival of the republic: "This is the Lord's doing; it passeth our understanding."

One of the conspicuous ironies is that fact that while it is universally agreed that a President should be virtuous, the two whom there is real reason to believe acquired the White House as receivers of stolen goods, J. Q. Adams and Hayes, were beyond doubt the two most rigidly virtuous men in the list. Another is that while the voters seem to choose their Presidents in a blind and blundering way, the two tried, tested, and hand-picked candidates thrust upon them by high authority, Van Buren and Taft, were indifferent Presidents and failed of reelection.

A third, apparent to this reader but presumably not to the author, is that the most brilliant essay in the book, a sardonic masterpiece, is devoted to one of the most obscure Presidents, Benjamin Harrison; while the worst is devoted to Truman, who is, although Tugwell obviously cannot imagine why he is, coming to be rated by historians not indeed along with the Big Six, but very high among the second-string Presidents, such as Madison, Cleveland and the first Roosevelt.

"In spite of the realism, amounting almost to cynicism, of professional politicians," says Tugwell, "they are subject to acute attacks of belief in miracles." After they had witnessed the campaign of 1948, why not? Although it has been analyzed to the point of absurdity, suspicion lingers that a realistic examination of that campaign might realize much hitherto unrealized truth. Tugwell should have given it more attention.

The book is damaged by some inexcusably slipshod editing, as when Tugwell is allowed to say that Monroe protested Jefferson's resignation from Washington's Cabinet "in 1782"; as when Hull is made to surrender to the American, Harrison, instead of the Britisher, Brock, at Detroit; and as when W. H. Taft is made Governor-General of the Philippines "in 1891," although the Spanish American war was not fought until 1898. One wonders, though, whether it is a mistake or a sarcasm when Tugwell describes Frederick Palmer as "a reputed newspaper correspondent." The context would suggest "reputable" but with Tugwell one dare not rely too much on context.

Technical slips are, however, mere irritants. What will really flutter the critical dovecotes is the flat finality with which Tugwell advances his opinions – well, the scathing wit will also have something to do with it. Arrogant? Prejudiced? Certainly; but clear and bold, therefore interesting. Indeed, it is a temptation to say that Tugwell is never more interesting than when he is probably wrong – as, for instance, when, rejecting the testimony of Van Buren, who was there, he accepts the theory that Jackson fired the Cabinet to defend Peggy Eaton, instead of defending Peggy as an excuse to fire a treacherous Cabinet. Yet the latter theory much more strongly supports his view of the fraudulence of political maneuvers.

Yet its faults weigh lightly in the scales against the merit of a book that grapples boldly and vigorously with the basic problem of the American republic, the problem of accelerating the political maturity of the electorate. It involves penetration of the mystery of personality; and if Tugwell failed, he is, in that, at one with all philosophy. At the end he is able to observe that the process will be advanced by better leaders who, in turn, will speed the process; and then adds

> "... We have doubtless entered that spiral; but it is surely allowable to observe that as yet we are not far enough along in its evolution to ensure even the nation's safety, to say nothing of its citizens' well-being."

A sober conclusion, but not elegaic, not a lament for the dead. Much as his detractors may regret it, Tugwell is not only alive, but sturdily assured that he moves among the living.

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On Being Middle Class

by Robert Phelps

This fresh, witty novel has come home for publication, finally, by way of an enthusiastic review in England and Germany. It is a funny book that will make you laugh out loud; it will also make you think uncomfortably and unconclusively about your life in urban, credit-card America. It is a novel of ideas, cut along early Huxley lines, but for my money better. Here and there, its moral imagination reminded me of *Howard's End*; though more often I thought of Shaw: Mr. Philipson is incisive, articulate – and perverse. In fact, what seems to me

Bourgeois Anonymous
by Morris Philipson
(Vanguard; $4.95)

to be important about this book is its gallant, magnanimous wrongness. It is a pipe dream, but an endearing one. The author is a well-meaning man who, in 1965, still wants to belong to something, a man for whom self-interest, no matter how coolly enlightened or psychiatrically approved, is still not enough; yet a man who can't find any community to join, and who therefore acts quixotically, very imaginatively, but impractically.

Mr. Philipson has written a tract, and an unfashionably sweet love story about Lavinia and Jeffrey. Lavinia is from one of our better suburbs. She has read Sartre at Smith; she has already in her early twenties, abandoned a first marriage; she has a "creative" job on a fashion magazine and lives with a schoolmate on Sheridan Square. She is restless, miserable and while she waits for a miracle, she attends meetings of the Manhattan chapter of Bourgeois Anonymous, where all ages gather in masks to confess how they are struggling to escape middle-class blight. For in the 20th Century, all America is divided into three parts: the outcasts, the bourgeois, and the incasts. The latter are self-made aristocrats, and it is to their free, unfumbling ranks that Lavinia hungers to rise.

The boy, Jeffrey, is a bastard, therefore a born outcast. But he is also a mathematical genius, therefore in vertically mobile America, he has become an incast. He is as restless as Lavinia, for he cannot bear merely to be free and brilliantly self-absorbed. As Lavinia wants to escape from the cant of her suburban family, Jeffrey wants to escape into rules, patterns, limits, a family, a neighborhood. He wants to become a thoroughgoing bourgeois, and when he sees Lavinia at a New Year's Eve party, he recognizes his perfect mate.

Jeffrey feels about the middle class as someone might feel about the Catholic Church or the Communist Party. There may be insincere Catholics, or cynical Communists. But the ideal is always there, waiting to be embodied. Jeffrey dreams of becoming a *worthy* bourgeois, one whose good will and inner gracefulness will not belie the Georgian house, the Hepplewhite furniture, the damask drapes, the fresh-cut flowers: "To be middle class . . . is to be part of something greater than yourself: a couple, a family, an organization . . ." If most bourgeois are false, it is not the fault of the class. "Don't you see how glorious an idea this is?" Jeffrey exclaims. "How demanding? How exalted? How saintly?"

Lavinia doesn't. But she does see a glamorous maverick, a true loner, a self-made, self-ordaining, idealistic male who can save her from her family, and she falls in love. The courtship proceeds; there is one brilliantly monstrous scene (A Suburban Mother's Birthday Dinner) which anthologists will batten on for years. Jeffrey prevails, presumably retaining his incast individuality and at the same time settling down to station wagons and golf in White Plains.

If I am to take Mr. Philipson seriously – and I do – then I can only say he is wrong. Simone Weil said: "It is wrong to be an 'I', but it is worse to be a 'we'." Aloneness is hard, but it need not necessarily be lonesome, nor barren. In any case, as Auden reminds us, it "is man's real condition."

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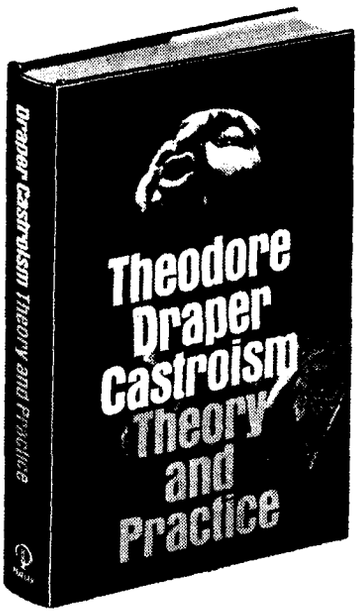

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Butterflies and Other Fliers

The Collector (Columbia)
Those Magnificent Men in Their Flying Machines
(20th Century-Fox)

John Fowles' *tour de force* novel, *The Collector,* has been turned with considerably more force in the film version directed by William Wyler. The novel was faced with the necessity to *be* a novel; one felt that the author, gifted and clever, was stuck with an idea that fell between two stools: neither a short story nor a novel. (The intermediate form – the novella – is nowadays a professional nightmare. What is one to do with it? Serious magazines groan at the prospect; popular magazines have taboos of content; book publishers hum and catch the first train to their suburban homes.) The film version is ideal for Fowles' project, for it is complete without the entire second half of the book, which reviewed events that had already been seen from one viewpoint. Fowles himself seemed to sense that the second view was superfluous since he filled it with reminiscence, talk about the H-bomb and socialism, and other paddings that were hopefully disguised as relevant symbols.

An introverted young English clerk, a butterfly collector by avocation, is painfully in love with a snooty girl who does not know he is alive, a girl of a superior social and intellectual class. He wins an enormous sum in the football pools, buys a lonely country house, fits up the cellar comfortably with everything he imagines she needs (including books and clothes in her size), then kidnaps her. She expects rape or worse, and soon discovers that she is dealing with a greater complication: not violent sex but unbalanced love. For she could be raped and either released or murdered; either way it would be over. But the young man treats her with prim respect, and she fears that she will be kept there all her life. Quick with femininity, she soon discovers the range of *her* powers over *him;* and the film settles down into a contest of wits and glands.

There are only two other minor characters, and one of them – a neighbor who bumbles in – provides the one conventional suspense episode. Essentially it is a story of two people; that is the whole point. For beneath the suspense elements, the easy parallels of butterfly – and girl-collecting, the easier sexual symbols of the cellar and the pinning of the butterflies, there is a social drama of considerable pathos. (In the novel the young man is impotent; by removing that element, the screenplay becomes more, not less, truthful – it avoids some facile Freudianism and achieves wider humanity.) The young man is of the wrong class and education for the girl; he could never even get enough of her time so that she could really know him. In the world-as-is his love is doomed. So, quite simply, he changes the world. With one abrupt Jehovian gesture, he completely alters the environment in which he and she exist. After he has done it, he discovers that he has banked too heavily on proximity and opportunity, on her falling in love with him. The tragedy for him is that the change of world does not alter her feelings and intensifies his.

Superficially, the story might be called a *Pygmalion* of psychopathology, but abnormality is only the dynamic that dramatizes it; the essential agony is common human property. Breathes there a man with soul so unambitious that he has never murmured: "Ah, if she only *knew* me!" And think, in reverse view, of all those tears wept

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

Theodore Solotaroff *is an editor of* Commentary *magazine.* Gerald W. Johnson's *newest book is* Hod Carrier. Robert Phelps *is the author of a novel,* Heroes and Orators.

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into lonely girls' pillows, not through rejection but through being ignored. This affecting theme has been clarified out of Fowles' novel by the scriptwriters, Stanley Mann and John Kohn, and makes the ending – in which impulse becomes vice – all the more ironic.

The pair are played by Terence Stamp and Samantha Eggar. Stamp, who was miscast in the title role of *Billy Budd* but who showed attractively confident appeal on Broadway last season in *Alfie*, plays the youth with a nice sense of quietness overlaying a whirring set of complexes. The saturnine normality that he brings to his bizarre behavior creates both fright and poignancy. Miss Eggar, credibly desirable, is competent as the girl and lacks only the last inch of *hauteur*, the absolutely authentic princess-like disdain to harrow the youth with despair.

Excepting the trite suspense scene, Wyler has directed with such skillful concentration on interplay that we are never conscious that this is a film sustained by two actors. Wyler takes every moment for what it is, as it comes along, and makes the most of it; it is only retrospectively that we see it is a bravura accomplishment.

The picture suffers from "overproduction." The color is completely unnecessary, and Maurice Jarre's score is, as in *Lawrence of Arabia*, heavy. Simple black-and-white and simpler music would have enriched the film as these *luxe* trappings do not.

Some ideas are so good that one can hardly believe they have not been used before. *Those Magnificent Men in Their Flying Machines (Or How I Flew from London to Paris in 25 Hours and 11 Minutes)* is a comedy concerned with early aviation, just after the turn of the century. A large number of working duplicates of early aircraft – monoplanes, biplanes, triplanes, and what look like octoplanes – fly through the De Luxe Color air with the greatest of Todd-AO ease. The planes and some of the actors have charm; the very long film has less.

Robert Morley is an Edwardian press lord who is persuaded by an aeronautical prospective son-in-law to put up a great cash prize for a London-Paris air race: to draw publicity for his paper and entries from all over the world. The possibilities were present for a comedy as neat as *Genevieve*, the 1953 English film about an antique motorcar race. But the producer of this film, Stan Margulies, and its director and co-author, Ken Annakin, fell victims to elephantiasis. It had to be a "big" picture. Thus what starts as a deft genre comedy gets inflated and wrenched askew with surrealist Keystone Cop sequences that maim its style and make silly gags out of what could have been legitimate whimsical aviation antiquarianism. Why can't producers leave well enough well enough? Probably it is the *Lord Jim* syndrome: The picture was so expensive that it had to be sufficiently long to play on a reserved-seat basis. But

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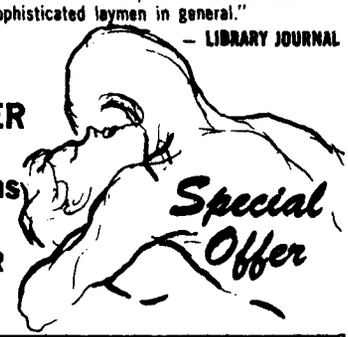

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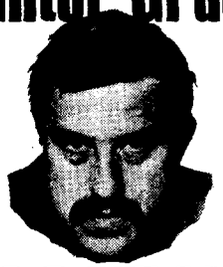

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oh, the distention in order to justify an intermission.

There are some astonishingly unfunny running gags, with Red Skelton and Irina Demick. James Fox, the master in *The Servant*, continues to impress as a stylish, if limited, young actor. Sarah Miles, also of *The Servant*, displays further her innocence of elemental acting techniques: how to move, touch, take. Stuart Whitman, who has some presence, becomes amorphous without firm direction. Jean-Pierre Cassel is wasted, Alberto Sordi and Terry-Thomas caricature themselves. The pleasant surprise among the actors is Gert Frobe (Goldfinger *again*!) who, as the colonel in charge of the Imperial German Army's entry, flashes a sharp comic sense. But, from the title on, the film is wrongly emphasized: The men are not much, it is the flying machines that are magnificent.

STANLEY KAUFFMANN

Correspondence

How Things Are in Berkeley

Sirs:

I am deeply disturbed by certain misstatements contained in a letter by Mr. Henry M. Pachter, printed in your issue of May 29. It appears that he has little or no personal knowledge of the reasons for the student demonstrations on the Berkeley campus of the University of California; for he prefaces his criticism of the faculty with the words: "I am told that . . ." I should like to correct his errors.

First: "I am told that at Berkeley the students are not even allowed to know where their professor's office is, and that there is no means of getting in touch with him by telephone." This is wholly mistaken. Every member of the Berkeley faculty is expected by the Administration to post on a bulletin board outside his office his name, title, telephone number, and office hours; and this procedure is generally followed. In most (I cannot vouch for all) office buildings on the campus there are general directories prominently displayed, giving the names and office numbers of all members of the faculty (including teaching assistants) occupying the building. All officers of instruction are required to keep their office hours. In all my thirty-nine years of teaching on the Berkeley campus I have known only one member of the faculty who showed any unwillingness to meet with and advise students; and I have known many who devoted many extra hours to advising and helping students. Students are permitted to reach professors by telephone through the departmental offices as well as through the professors' office phones; and I have never known any of my colleagues to object to being called on their home telephones.

Secondly, it is not true that "professors . . . give only one or two courses a semester." In a few favored departments, members of professorial grade give only two courses a semester; in others, they give three. So far as I know, no member of the faculty is privileged to give only one course unless he holds a time-consuming administrative office or has a very heavy load of committee work. Many members who are so overloaded carry a full teaching schedule as well.

Except for the one instance already mentioned, I know of no professors who "don't wish to be bothered by the students." It has been my experience that the celebrities on the staff do not "consider teaching a nuisance and would not help the student in any case," as a rule our celebrities get more satisfaction out of teaching and helping students than do some less distinguished professors. I have seen more indifference to students among teaching assistants than among professors.

It is not by chance that the majority of the faculty has supported the students in the recent protests. Professors have not forgotten the bitter fight over the loyalty oath some years ago; and they know that they, as well as the students, have a stake in the freedom and the efficiency of the university. Those members of the faculty who have not approved of student disturbances are troubled, not by the fact of student protest, but by its turbulence. Even so, many of the most distinguished professors have sided with the students.

It is clear that conditions at Berkeley

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are not altogether what they should be; but I cannot see that there is much wrong with the relations between students and faculty. Both are in greater or lesser degree critical of the Administration. The Administration itself is not happy with the situation, and recognizes that it could and must find solutions to problems that have grown in seriousness along with, and in consequence of, the great and rapid growth in the population of the university.

Arthur G. Brodeur,
Professor of English and Germanic Philology, Emeritus,
University of California, Berkeley

False Analogy?

Sirs:

The letter of Mr. Richard Perry (June 5) regarding the French intervention in Gabon in February, 1964, which was unfortunately picked up by our local Tucson paper and incorporated in an editorial, was misleading, and based on a false analogy. Far from having undertaken action in Gabon *strikingly similar* to President Johnson's recent actions in the Dominican Republic, President de Gaulle's action was authorized by treaty, and was thus *strikingly different* from President Johnson's intervention, which was contrary to specific provisions in the Rio Pact against unilateral intervention.

The treaty of alliance between Gabon and France was signed at independence, and gives the legal government the right to call upon French forces for aid, since Gabon itself has only 600 African troops at its disposal, and it was thought that, unlike in the Latin American states, a large army is an unnecessary luxury. In the absence of President M'ba, who was being held by the rebels, Vice President Yembit requested the aid of the French. He was not simply, in Mr. Perry's words, "one of the deposed ministers who had not been placed under restriction." No ideological quarrels were involved, and none of the conspirators were charged with "Communism" or any other ideological crime in their subsequent trials, in which Aubame received the surely (for Africa) relatively mild sentence of ten years. . . .

Obviously any resemblance between this action and that of President Johnson is slight. His intervention was requested by neither of the contending parties in the Dominican Republic, but was strongly condemned by both, and by the legally elected president who was living in exile since having been himself deposed by a military coup. . . . We intervened with a huge body of troops, whereas the Gabonese government of President M'ba was restored with the loss of twenty-seven dead and forty-four wounded, and the operation from first to last, from the attempted coup to the restoration of M'ba took precisely two days. The Dominican Republic is an independent state which has never been our colony, though it must be admitted we have sometimes treated it as such. Beyond the Rio Pact we have no alliance with the Republic, and the Pact forbids our intervention. Without doubt we were entitled to remove our citizens if they were in danger; but this was the limit of our rights, whatever we may have arrogated to ourselves in the name of the Monroe Doctrine and anti-Communism.

Stewart C. Easton
Tucson, Arizona

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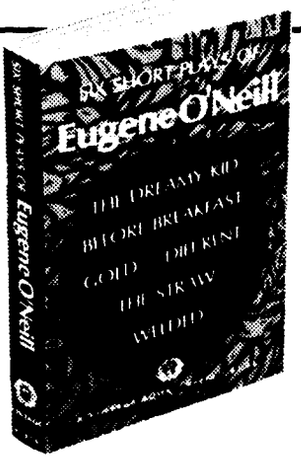

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22	16,546
23	16,282
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27	15,418
28	15,248
29	15,041
30	14,760
31	14,399
32	13,983
33	13,519
34	13,016
35	12,480
36	11,892
37	11,246
38	10,573
39	9,904
40	9,270
41	8,665
42	8,068
43	7,488
44	6,936
45	6,420
46	5,944
47	5,502
48	5,088
49	4,699
50	4,330
51	3,980
52	3,653
53	3,349
54	3,069
55	2,810
56	2,579
57	2,374
58	2,190
59	2,024
60	1,870
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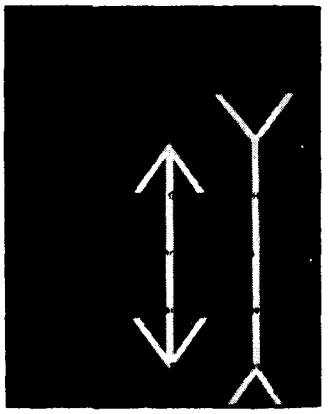

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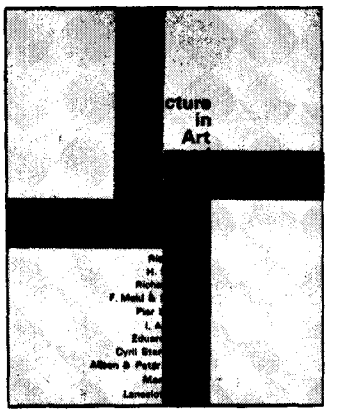

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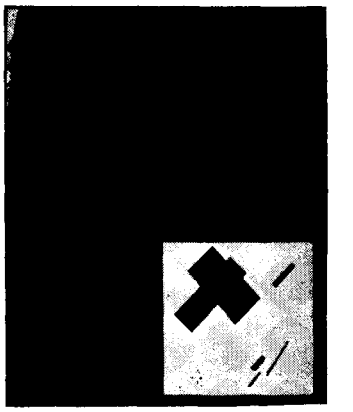

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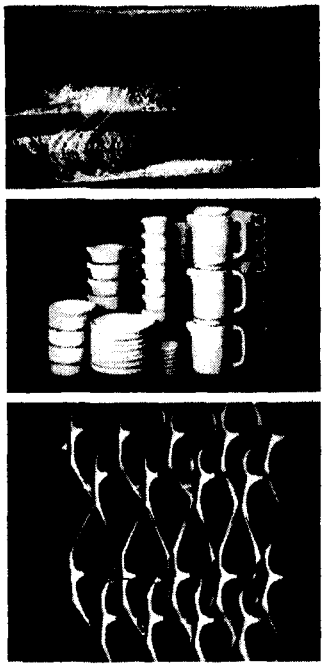

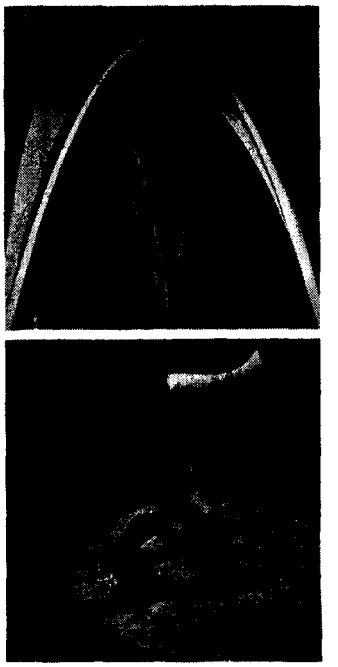

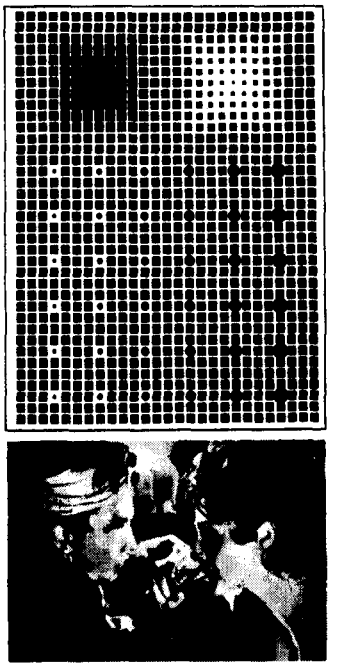

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